

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS GULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 507.

THE TWO BROTHERS:

OR,

ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE.

Continued.

THE silence which reigned for some time was at length interrupted by M. Burton's saying in a low tone, "I believe it is now over but there is a possibility that he yet lives, and may be only sleeping." Then turning to one of the servants he ordered him to strip him a small outhouse, which he placed before his lips for a few minutes, and upon examining it found it sealed, and communicated the pleasing intelligence to his mortal auditors, that he yet breathed, and was asleep, which he considered as a happy omen. Several hours did the unfortunate Louis remain perfectly insensible, but as he began to revive, the revivals of the hopes of his friends, and in a few minutes opened his eyes, and stretching out his hand to M. Dupont gently perceiving that his face smiled across his countenance, which they thought the unmovable seal of death had been affixed. From this time his health gradually returned, and in a few weeks he was able to leave his room, but now a word was uttered by him respecting the affairs of the castle, and whenever it was alluded to, it seemed to turn his brain to madness. As it seemed to affect him in such an extraordinary manner, M. Dupont deferred an explanation of his events till he was perfectly restored, and finally in some measure obliterated the traces of this unknown misfortune from his memory, at least destroyed the knowledge of the injuries he had received.

Meanwhile the Count de Vauban, whose unbounded extravagance reduced him to the verge of ruin, was obliged to abscond from the importunity of his creditors, but when Louis and Henry were both lost, he thought proper to come forward and claim their fortunes; at the earnest prayer of M. Dupont the grant of them to the Count was deferred by the King for one year, promising that if in that time one of them did not appear he should be put in possession of them. As M. Dupont still entertained suspicions of the Count, he did not think it necessary to inform the King, that the lawful owner of the estate was found, till Louis was able to carry himself the evidence of it. Therefore as soon as he was well enough to travel, he set out, attended by two servants, well armed for the security of themselves, and proceeded by easy stages to Paris, to claim the inheritance of the state, as his age authorized the demand. Louis the thirtieth, who then reigned over that fertile and extensive kingdom, without hesitation ordered him to be put in possession of all the fortune his father had left, which was far from being small, though principally vested in the funds; his landed estate only consisted of one estate and grounds occupied by M. Dupont. Upon his return might overtook him a great news, the chateau, but his desire of reaching

it determined him to proceed, notwithstanding the darkness, and a wood which he was obliged to pass through, in which several robberies and murders had been perpetrated. He had passed through the greater part of it without any alarm, when just as he approached the latter side, a report of a pistol, followed by the clashing of swords, roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen. Clapping spurs in his horse he hastened forward with the servants in pursuit, and the moon at intervals shone forth from the broken clouds, and very opportunely yielded her light for him to perceive a crowd of men, apparently of different parties, as the clashing of swords announced an encounter. Impelled by the natural generosity of his disposition, he hastened to join the weaker party, who thus reinforced soon put their adversaries to flight. A gentleman who seemed to be the superior of the party, was slightly wounded, and through fear of its being irritated by riding far, he accepted an invitation to the chateau, which he had accorded in the mildest terms. They found M. Dupont and his family, expecting Louis with anxiety, and his guests they treated with the most hospitable politeness. Before they retired Louis begged to know what had occasioned the encounter in the forest, and whom it was he had good fortune to assist upon that occasion. The stranger informed him, that he was no other than the Duke of Alencon, who upon his way to his estate, a short distance beyond the chateau, had the misfortune of breaking his carriage, and as he did not wish to stay till it was repaired, he proceeded on horseback with a few servants, and in the forest had been attacked by some men, whom he supposed to be bandits. He overheard Louis with his thanks, and the next morning insisted upon his accompanying him to his castle, to which he consented as the easy behaviour of the Duke had entirely won his confidence. He reasoned with him several weeks, and every day raised them in each other's estimation, till Louis had resolved to open his knowledge to him. This he deferred till his venerable guardian should come to the castle, whether he had been urged to present himself. The Duke of Alencon had one son and one daughter, to whom all his immense estates would be going; the daughter possessed all the graces of the sex, but her mother the Marquis de Launay, disgraced her daughter's rank by this vicious procreancy. Antoinette de Launay (this was the Duke's family name) had been universally admired, and Louis understood that a young nobleman, who was one of her suitors, was favoured by the Marquis and approved by Alencon. Notwithstanding the caution which his information was calculated to give, young Barlow could not exclude the passion of love from his bosom, and the image of Antoinette haunted him continually. At length he was told that the lover of Madeleine de Launay, was expected at the castle the day following, and the day after M. Dupont had announced his intention of visiting the Duke. Curiosity to see the man to whom his former Antoinette would probably be joined in the bonds of marriage, prevented him

from sleeping, and he arose early the next morning, with his head occupied by the same subject. After he had breakfasted he remained in the parlour with the Duke, Antoinette and the Marquis, when a carriage drove into the yard. "It is the Count," exclaims the Marquis, and flew out of the room to receive him, while Louis walked to one of the windows and saw alight from his carriage the Count de Vauban.

Amusement transfixed him to the spot, and contradictory ideas passed through his brain with such rapidity, as almost to derange him. To find his uncle, whom he strongly suspected of being the source of all his misfortunes, received into the family of the Duke of Alencon, as the approved lover of his daughter, almost surpassed comprehension. He however fortunately recovered his presence of mind before the Count entered the room, and determined to observe his countenance with the most watchful scrutiny. De Vauban entered, introduced by the Marquis with smiles in his aspect, whose attention was arrested by the sight of his nephew's countenance displayed in countenance, and grief and fear were delineated in every feature. The company observed the extraordinary confusion of the Count and were at a loss to account for it, or to direct attention with which Louis regarded him; but in a short time de Vauban's wonted ease of manner returned, and he paid his compliments to the company, apologizing for his condition, which he said was to be attributed to his surprise at again seeing his runaway nephew, who he had much feared had been lost to his friends forever. He then acquainted the company with their coarseness, but was completely at a loss to enter into conversation with Louis, who sat totally silent, wrapt in his own reflections. To all their enquiries respecting his absence, of which the Count had spoken he gave incoherent replies, & instantly repeated his abstraction of mind to what was passing before him. The day passed with a degree of uneasiness to which the family of the Duke of Alencon were unaccustomed, but his unusual reserve, to them so mysterious, which clouded the manners of their two guests deprived them of their wonted cheerfulness. The Duke, to whom Louis had endeared himself in the first place, by according him his assistance when beset in the forest, with so much celerity, and which his affectionate manner had confirmed, was anxious to know what occasioned the uneasiness under which his young friend seemed to labour, and they all separated to retire to bed at night, seemingly pleased that the day was expired. Louis was unable to sleep, from the concurrence of circumstances which a short time had produced; the confusion of the Count upon the interview, almost confirmed his suspicions that he was the cause of his imprisonment. Restless and tormented with his own ideas, he arose, dressed and seated himself at the window; opening the casement to give admission to the air, he observed a man walking on the terrace below, apparently waiting for some one, and in a few minutes he was joined by another.

The easement at which he sat, was too high
 For the terrace, a porch, him to see the
 Window of the discourse that ensued, but he
 found that it was an occasion. Curiosity to
 know who it was that had taken the opportu-
 nity for a private interview, prompted him to
 listen, and he found it was the Marquis and the
 Count de Vubian. He was much interested
 in every thing which concerned his uncle, that
 he could not refrain from listening, and from
 what part of their discourse reached his ear
 he found it of dreadful import. He had con-
 ceived a dislike to the Marquis as from sight,
 which had been strengthened by his manner
 towards him, but he now found him to be
 false, in whom every species of villainy were
 concentrated. The attack made upon the
 Duke of Aragon in the forest, where Louis
 had been a means of his rescue, had been the
 act of the Count's desecrated dependant
 under his care. De Vubian's situation,
 with respect to pecuniary affairs was desperate,
 and he resorted to himself of the importance
 of his creditors. He had allowed protection to
 a party of from fifty, who resided in the vi-
 cinity of the castle, which had been the scene
 of Bonaparte's imprisonment. From this party
 he made depredations throughout the vicinity,
 and a considerable dividend of their plunder
 was appropriated to the use of de Vubian.
 But as this was a very uncertain dependence,
 he could not depend on it. He had been
 the Marquis de Lutz, who he felt his extra-
 vagance had led by the preference of the Duke,
 to associate his father, and share with him
 the large estates which would then come into his
 possession. This secret scheme, of which
 Louis had been the means of disappointing,
 plainly proves that de Vubian would hearken
 at nothing that had a tendency to promote his
 wealth. The conversation then turned upon
 Louis, and de Vubian related to the Marquis
 the obstacle he was to the possession of M.
 Bonaparte's estate, and commented on his desire
 to be without competitor, to have him removed,
 who readily assented to his intention,
 and they resorted to another part of the ter-
 race to lay the plan of their future proceeding.
 The horror which pervaded the breast of Louis
 was indescribable; to find that any human be-
 ing should be so lost to every sense of recti-
 tude, as to not only connive at, but assist in
 an attempt to murder his own father, was more
 than he could ever have supposed. Nothing
 more transparent of their intention that night
 and the day dawned upon Louis, while he re-
 mained fixed at the casement so deeply wrapt
 in meditation, but he was scarcely conscious
 of his existence. When roused from his rever-
 ries, he was almost ready to conclude that it
 was a horrid dream; but memory recalled to
 his imagination the conversation he had heard,
 too terribly to suffer him to admit the pleasing
 supposition. The next day brought M. Du-
 pont to the castle de Aragon, and as soon as
 possible a private interview was obtained with
 Louis and the Duke, when, after receiving
 the request of his two friends, Louis recapitu-
 lated his adventures in the castle.

To be continued.

SCRAP.

Hearken to the warnings of Conscience, if
 you would not feel its wound.

For the Weekly Museum.

THE SUICIDE.

AN ALLEGY.

How bright and fair life's jocund morn appears,
 When first we enter on the busy stage;
 O, days of joy serene, or sighs and tears
 Attend us through its changes to old age.

If those vain fools who seek the road to wealth,
 Life's highest scenes of mirth and ease to see,
 One last give o'er the chase, with ruin'd health,
 And die at last, in hopeless penury.

And what is honour, but an empty sound,
 By knaves invented, and by fools cared for?
 And by the few who reach it soon is found,
 To prove a smiling thorn of care at best.

Nor is there yet a path to wealth and fame,
 Or Man's applause, or Glory's bright abode,
 But that Misfortune's feet can tread the same,
 And strew with countless thorns the pleasing road.

Long have I struggled with the tide of grief,
 In hopes to reach at last some peaceful shore;
 But all in vain! I deem'd I seek relief,
 And leave no friends who with my fate deplore.

Farwell the golden dreams that cheer'd my heart,
 And roads to bliss that Fancy's foot has trod;
 It is all past scenes of suffering now I start,
 And shrink from life's dread storms behind the sod.

Reflect ye great! who Monarchs' smiles have won,
 And whither life's gay scenes in splendor shine;
 That at its final close, your shining sun
 May set in gloomy shades, as dark as mine!

Ye poor, from dreams of better days awake,
 Nor on the foolery of mankind depend;
 Ah! 'tis a spider's thread which soon will break,
 And bring you to the grave without a friend.

Alas! there was a time in better days,
 When I could number at the pillow's head;
 But ah! I find 'tis only that stays
 And quells the tumults of the agoniz'd soul.

Come then, thou only solace of my woes,
 And bear me from this scene of noise and strife;
 Then wilt at last bring peace and sure repose,
 And I in deep despair, lay down my life.

'Tis done!—the dreadful, crimson deed is done—
 And peace shall reign within my tomb's cold walls;
 Now, and behind the distant hill the sun,
 'Tis to wake certain hours, I sink to rest—

I had died a Youth, whom Fortune never knew,
 My fell vapour urg'd onward to his doom,
 And easily in a weary life withdrew,
 To seek a refuge in the silent tomb.

His last sad knell has told the sun is set,
 And now he sleeps within this narrow bed;
 Ah me! while passive lying here, I'll wet
 With flowing tears, the turf that hides his head.

New York } MONTGAANIE
 Jan. 16, 1868.

For the Weekly Museum.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH

OF

MISS ANN LALOR.

Pensive, alone, at midnight's dreary hour,
 While busy care no more disturbs the will,
 Mournful and sad I sit to sing thy part,
 O Death! while all like thee, is dark and still.

For the Weekly Museum.
 A subject more unworthy than the poet,
 Now it be her the gentle just, and kind,
 Now could the prayers of friends protect her stay.

Just as the rose begins its leaves to unfold,
 Sprung from its fragrant beauties to the view,
 Just then, some fair, unconscious, rude and bold,
 Plucks the fair flower while in its morning dew.

Thus like the rose, the lovely Anna fell,
 Yielding herself to death in early prime—
 With every sin, but the worst of all farwell,
 Her griefs so soon to leave this earthly stage.

Sweet girl adieu, no more shall pains annoy—
 On this rough sea no longer is she driven,
 Soon as the view of prospect scenes of joy,
 Commend'd angelic bore her soul to Heaven?
 VIOLA!

THE MINIATURE.

A Fragment.

It was near the close of a fine day in June—
 I entered a chamber a group of young girls sur-
 rounding. Alas! the attendant of the place, who
 was employed in taking the Profile of one of them
 with the patent machine at the west end of the
 Museum. The beautiful arrangement of the various
 objects of curiosity drew me inearnestly from room to
 room, until a sob near me drew my attention. Look-
 ing round I observed a little maid, who held a minia-
 ture in one hand, and seemed to be attentively com-
 paring it with a profile which she held in the other.
 While the pearly tear trickled down her cheek I
 approached her, and asked her why she wept?
 They have taken away my mama, and this is all that
 is left, said she, holding out the miniature; and
 papa says she is now an angel—Mama used to say
 that angels took care of little children; but she never
 comes to watch over me when I go to bed.

Lovely cherub, said I, heaven always draws the
 picture of protection around the couch of innocence.
 A gentleman now approached, whose sable gar-
 ments denoted the use of a relative. He stooped to
 kiss away the tear from the cheek of the girl, but
 the attempt failed—his tears mingled with hers, and
 they fell together upon the miniature.

Here was a subject worthy the pen of a Sterne—
 The frozen lance of the skilful wife—the tender mo-
 ther—mourning with the mingled tears of the father
 and the child.

ANECDOTE.

A noble, amiable, and innocent young lady, who
 had been chiefly educated in the country, saw her
 face in the glass, as she passed it with a candle in
 her hand, retiring from evening prayer, and having
 just laid down her bible. Her eyes were cast down
 to the ground with inexpressible modesty at the
 sight of her own image. She passed the winter in
 town, surrounded by adores, hurried away by dis-
 tance, and plunged in trifling amusement. She for-
 got her bible and devotion. At the beginning of spring
 she returned again to her country seat, her chamber
 and the table on which the bible lay. A cousin saw
 the candle in her hand, and again saw herself in the
 glass. She turned pale, put down the candle, re-
 treated to a sofa, and hid on her knees. O God! I
 no longer know my own face. How am I degraded,
 my fellow and devotee are all written in my coun-
 tenance. Wherefore have they been neglected, dis-
 graced, till this instant? Oh, come, and expel, come
 and utterly efface them, mild tranquility, sweet de-
 votion, and ye gentle cares of domestic life.

We like better to see those on whom we can
 confer benefits, than those who receive them.

THE SONG OF THE LAST IRISH HARPER.

(New words.)

To the popular melody of *Sapornara Lee*.

Ah! dark are the halls, where your ancestors re-
viled.
And mute is the harp that enlived the day;
The towers that they dwell in, are awfully levelled—
The signs of their greatness are sunk in decay.

Where is the chief that strode forward to glory?
Where is the hand that told Valour's dread story?
Also they are gone, and the years now before ye,
Are faintly illumined by fame's setting ray.

O Erin! whilst life in the bosom is swelling,
Shall I regret thee—the land of my birth?
On thy mountain fells I hold, with sweet friendship
myself—
And hymn forth thy praises, thou favourite earth.

Beauty shall weave rose garlands beside me,
Peace round thy shores shall with plenty provide me;
In thy prosperous hour, O my country, I'll pride me,
And the trials that point to the gloomy day worth.

For the Weekly Museum.

A man of kindness to his brute is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind.
Remember He, who made thee, made the brute,
Who gave thee speech and reason formed him brute.
He will despise thy servant and thy sledge,
But know that his creator is thy Judge.
A friend to Humanity.

NOSKEDNA.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 16, 1854.

The city inspector reports the death of 38 persons
of whom 15 were men, 6 women, 5 boys and 7
girls during the week ending on Saturday last, viz:
Of apoplexy 1, usually 1 a child aged 5 years, an
accidentally burnt consumption 2, consumption 2, the
all (2 decay 4, dropsy 3, hectic fever 1, fracture
1, bives 1, intemperance 2, insanity 1, old age 1,
scurvy 2, pleurisy 1, small pox 1, sore throat 1 and
sen death 2, syphilis 1, testing 2, and 4 of whom
died young.

On the 29th December last, a quarter cask
was shipped on board the schooner *Minerva*,
captain Bird, a Philadelphia, directed to—
New York. Captain Bird arrived at this port
on Monday last, and the above was delivered
on Wednesday to a cartman with directions to
leave it at no — street. The cart-
man understood that he was to deliver it at no.
8 B'low street, and when he dropped the
cask as above, the woman of the house said her
husband had been gone to sea 18 months, but
that he might have arrived at Philadelphia and
sent her something. Her curiosity being
excited, she requested the cartman to stay till
the cask was opened; on which the cartman
took out the bung, and discovered the end of a
long white sack handkerchief, which he pulled
out. The first thought that struck her was
that her husband was dead, and that his clothing
had been sent home. The cask was then un-
packed, and it was found to contain the B.O.
DIES OF A MAN AND WOMAN! This cask
was shipped by a mean looking man about 5
feet 4 inches high, of a dark complexion, and

about 36 years of age; and these bodies were
probably sent here for dissection.

N. Y. GAS.

BUFFALO, JANUARY 5.

Yesterday the Court Marshal on Commodore
Barron, captain Gordon, captain Hall and the
Gunner of the Chesapeake, commenced on
board that frigate. As we are informed, the
ablest and most intelligent officers in the United
States service, have been summoned to act
as members of the court, for the purpose of
doing impartial justice to the accused, and of
vindicting the honor of the country. No
proceedings have as yet transpired, but from
such a body, the most upright sentence may
be expected.

Doctor Le Barron, a gentleman lately from
Macombtintan, and who has resided there for
the last five years, has lately left the city
for Washington for Philadelphia, New York
and Boston, for the very laudable purpose of
forming a company of American Merchants
from those cities, to embark in the fur trade
of our north western frontiers. We hope the
Enterprise of Dr. Le Barron may be crowned
with every possible success in this important
object.

It is the only means by which the current of
that valuable and lucrative trade can be diverted
from Canada to the United States, and it is
the only way to acquire such an ascendancy
over the savage mind, as to ensure a peace-
ful conduct on the part of the Indian tribes.
We are happy to learn that every disposition
has been manifested on the part of the govern-
ment to encourage and support this impor-
tant object.

Wash Fed

A young gentleman, in Dundee, Scotland,
has lately invented and discovered a method of a
door, which, when once opened, is impossible
or a stranger to open it and in case of a thief
making the attempt, it is equally impossi-
ble for him to avoid being caught in the act, and
fastened on the spot until a person acquainted
with the invention comes to his relief. It will
be found highly beneficial for the security of
banking and counting houses, repositories of
plate, &c. Should the attempt be made on the
latter in any gentleman's room or family re-
sidence in the absence of the family, the delin-
quant will necessarily be secured to death for
his temerity, unless relieved by a person ac-
quainted with the proper method of opening.

Extract of a Letter from a gentleman at Detroit to
his friend in the town of Northfield, (Mass.)

We concluded a treaty with the Indians on
the 15th inst. probably the most advantageous
which has yet been made. They have, for the
sum of 50,000 dollars, ceded to the United
States about five millions of acres of land, of
excellent quality and well situated for improve-
ment, extending from Fort Du Roche on the
Miami, about 250 miles on that River, Lak-
e Erie, the river Detroit, Lake and River St.
Clair, and Lake Huron; comprehending all
the rivers falling into these waters, and all the
Islands. Every chief has signed who has been
requested, and all appear perfectly satisfied.
We had many difficulties to combat, but fortu-
nately we mounted them all.

LEEFH.

Natural and Artificial Teeth replaced on improved
plans in the very best manner, at moderate prices by
J. Greenwood, Artist in the Line Dental, No. 16 Ves-
ey street opposite St Paul's Church-yard.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Whenever Hymen joins two worthy hands,
And love is knotted in the silken bands;
When heart in union with heart shall meet,
And placed temper placed temper meet—
When pure fidelity and truth are given,
With marriage-vows and regard in heaven;
The moral and the social virtues join,
And make their earthly station and divine.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 6, by the Right Rev
Bishop Moore, Richard K. Parker, Esq. Lieut. Col.
in the service of his B. M. to Miss Mary Mackphar-
son.

On Thursday evening by the Rev. Dr. McKnight
Mr. Joseph Girard to Miss Abigail West, both of
this city.

On Saturday evening at Newark, by the Rev. Mr.
Ogden, Mr. Henry D. Merritt, merchant, to Miss
Ogden, daughter of Charles Ogden, Esq. of that
place.

On Friday evening the first inst. at Carmel, in
Dutchess county by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, Chancery
J. Mitchell, Esq. of Mount Pleasant, attorney at law,
to Miss Ann M. Arthur, daughter of Rob-
ert J. Huntington, Esq. of the former place.

At Staten Island on Saturday last, by the Rev. Dr.
Moore, Mr. Daniel Butler, to Miss Elizabeth Pray,
both of that place.

MORTALITY.

Don't be swift succumb with imperious call,
Alas! impatiently extends to all—
All ages and all sexes crowd the tomb,
And pass from time to an eternal home;
Even happy they, who hence serenely go,
And change, for worlds of bliss, a word of woe.

DIED.

On Saturday morning of pulmonary consumption
Mrs. Joana Cooper, wife of Thomas A. Cooper,

On Sunday afternoon, after a short and painful
illness, Captain Joseph Denner.

At Albany, very suddenly, the Rev. Dr. William
Linn.

At Charleston on the 28th ult. Mr. John Ewing,
mercant.

Lately, in the island of St. Lucia, in consequence
of a wound received in a duel, Lieut. Isaac Hodgson,
of his B. M. 9th West India regiment, brother of G.
Hodgson, grocer.

EMBROIDERING CHINELES.
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale
at No 104 Maiden-lane.

WANTED a place for a Wet NURSE—Good re-
commendations can be given. Enquire at no 92 Ca-
tharine street.

N.B. The child can be taken in the house if more
agreeable. Jan 15 547

RAGS.

Cash given for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags, at
this Office.

COURT OF APOLLO,

W A R.

Clump and Clod, two surly Crows;
A cawing team, one night,
In an ab-hom, where their happy stream
They waded in sad sing plight.

While all the azure tinted sky
Spread out its clear expanse,
And all the glittering train on high
Beamed o'er their heads to dance.

Quoth Clump to Clod I tell thee what,
I wish to be as fat
As a good pasture land had got
As I can see blue sky.

And I quoth Clod to Clump, should like
This wish to last as far,
And have, to prove a wealthier tyke,
An eye for every star.

At but says Clump, to feed them all
What pasture could be found?
Enough, says Clod, for great and small
I'd feed them on thy ground.

What, and without my leave? says Clump,
So that I could, says Clod;
Quoth Clump, Therefore my birds shall clump,
O I'll bump thy body.

So they went, both Clump and Clod,
As fast as fat could tag,
To both lay sprawling on the sod,
And scarce a fat could wag.

Now, where's your oxen, Clod? says Clump,
And where, says Clod, your ground?
Both high and low, and cave and in clump,
In vain for both looked round.

Then shaking hands, they cursed all jars,
As all deceiving eyes
To both for oxen in the stars,
And pasture from the skies.

THE FLUTE-PLAYING ASS.

Two fell Frolics
Which, when or where or right,
Has just occurred—and quite
By chance.

O'er yonder pasture lawn
No doubt, by hunger drawn,
An A was passing on.
By chance.

A Flute was on the spot,
Which Caylor, I wot,
Or Thyrus, had brought,
By chance.

The A drew near to snuff,
Whispering to the Flute,
He snorted in a puff,
By chance.

That the air which left his snout,
Made, in its passage out,
A most melodious sound,
By chance.

The A he thought, hey! hey!
What music I can play!
The high folks, who say,
By chance.

Yes without rules of art,
An A may get the start,
And not a clever sort,
By chance.

RAGS.

Can't get for Clean Cotton and Linn Rags, at this Office.

MORALIST

ON ENVY.

Of the seven mortal sins, Envy is one, which troubles most the repose of mankind; and as it has its root in the access of self-love, it is no wonder, that its venomous fangs poison the repose of the generosity of mortals. Envy induced the arch enemy of mankind, to seek the means of destroying the felicity of our human species; and, probably, from the moment that out of the forbidden fruit, this horrid race passed from the Divine into the human species, not only to destroy those in whom it first entered, but to be the rock, on which millions should unexpectedly split.

When we examine the envious woman, she appears to resemble a demon, better than any other, for she can be trusted of the myriad, and if we can in this world from an, ideas of eternal punishments, the various woman can from her own feelings give us some account of them. So great is her disorder, that the happiness of other creatures is; and if he is capable of receiving any comfort it can be only from the misfortunes of others.

It seems to the envious female, that the happiness of another is a robbery committed on her, and the fortune has been guilty of a crime in neglecting her. She is hungry when he knows that another eats, and the cold freezes her in proportion as another is warmed. She is night and day restless in increasing of studies to oppose the happiness of others; and her soul knows no joy but in the destruction and ruin of her neighbor. Her two greatest favourites are lies and falsehoods, and she feeds on her own heart which she gives night and day. Her eyes appear like fire, and her heart is composed of serpents; her mouth is the entrance of the infernal regions, and her ears her receptacle of false echoes. Her hands are the claws of a tiger, and her feet those of a horse which are perpetually kick at. Her breath is a devouring flame, and her words are cutting razors. Lastly she is devoted to God, execrable to men, and the darling of the Devil. — My pen stops short with horror.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language Interpreter, Translator. He has established his academy at Harmony hall in Barclay corner of William street, where he exercises his profession.

For the French Language are attended at such hours of the day or evening as may suit their convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other times, and in the evening for grown persons of both sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gentlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in early life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dancing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen, desiring it, will be waited upon at their houses.

IGNACE C. FRAISIER

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WILLETT WARE, Broker and Commission agent buys and sells houses, lands, stocks, bonds, country produce, and all other species of property on Commission. For every wishing to sell, will please furnish maps, inventories, stamps, &c.—and those who wish to purchase are invited to call.

For Sale.

A quantity of excellent wine glasses and tumblers, with which house-keepers may supply themselves at a very cheap rate by applying soon.

dec 26

934

JEWELRY.

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL, informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No. 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and engraved, and of every fashion, has worked necklaces, and gold and silver bracelets, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention; he will sell at the lowest price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufacture to be equal to any.

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FOR WRITING OR LITER WITH A PEN.
Which nothing will discharge without destroying the Lines, for sale at this office.

MRS. TOWN

No. 92 Liberty Street, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she has just received, and is now opening an elegant assortment of India and Scotch Muslins, viz:

Fancy gown Patterns
Fine plain faced and muslin muslins
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Scotch elegant sewed and tambooured muslin and tulle

Fancy short dresses, Fracks.
Also, gunpowder, imperial, hyson and oolong tea, of the very best quality.

December 19

934

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for 1848,

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